

raise hell by NotJ0shDun

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Shameless Smut, Smut

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-28

Updated: 2018-01-28

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:31:25

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,774

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

billy shows up at steve's house drunk, with bruises on his face.

raise hell

it's late, the moon is shining high in the sky and billy doesn't know what time it is. all he knows is his blood alcohol count is way over the legal limit and he cant go home.

he licks his lips, tasting dried blood, and walks up the driveway to the familiar house. he sees only one car, steve's brown BMW, in the driveway. he wouldn't expect anything else, the teen was always home alone.

he stood in front of the door contemplating if he should even knock. but he's drunk, bleeding, and has nowhere to stay, and steve is the closest thing to a friend he has right now. so he did knock. he immediately regretted it, and turned around and hoped he could get away quick enough for steve to think it was some random kids.

"billy?" fuck.

billy turned on his heels, flashing a grin to the other boy.

"harrington! hows it going, amigo?" billy said, keeping his head trained on the ground, hoping steve wouldn't see his busted lip and black eye.

"what the fuck billy, do you know what time it is, asshole?" steve said, rubbing his eyes and turning around to check the clock.

"obviously i don't, but look, are we gonna stand out here discussing time or are you gonna let me in?" billy said looking up to steve, forgetting that he was trying to hide something from him.

"holy shit are you okay? what the fuck happened? shit man, come in, i'm sorry." steve said, rushing to get billy in the door.

"go sit on the couch man, let me get the first aid kit." steve said after closing the door, leaving billy to find the couch in this big ass house. billy wandered through a hallway, looking at pictures of steve and his oh so happy family. at one point he wished he had that, still wanted his dad to be a good man and love him like a father should,

but he was a million broken ribs past that now.

he paused on a particular picture of steve alone, he looked to be about fifteen, and he was sitting on the floor in front of a Christmas tree. he was ripping something open, but he was preoccupied with laughing at someone behind the camera. his eyes were crinkling in the corners, and he just looked genuinely happy. he had never seen steve with that smile before.

maybe billy wasn't the only one with home problems.

he continued walking, reminding himself to ask steve about that picture later. he had other things to ask steve right now.

after exiting the hallway, billy found the couch and stumbled his way toward it. he hoped steve wasn't watching him, he didn't want steve to see him in this vulnerable state. he leaned his head back on one of the cushions and closed his eyes. he didn't know why he decided to come to steve harrington's house, and he didn't know how long he was going to stay. he knew he couldn't go home.

steve walked in the living room. pausing when he saw billy resting on the couch. he always had a sternness to his face, but when he thought no one was looking, he looked nice.

"are you gonna keep staring at me, pretty boy?" billy said, cocking his head to the right and opening one eye. steve coughed, and looked at the ground, hiding the blush riding up his cheeks.

steve grabbed a chair, pulling it up to the couch. billy sat up straight, leaning towards steve.

their faces were mere inches apart now, with steve dabbing billy's lip with an alcohol pad. billy closed his eyes, trying to refrain himself from jerking away at the burning sensation of the alcohol pad.

"you're drunk." steve said, whispering. the smell of bourbon was overwhelming, steve didn't know how billy could even be upright.

"yup." billy replied, popping his lips on the p.

"are you gonna tell me why you showed up at my house, drunk, with

a busted lip?" steve said, looking in the first aid box for a butterfly stitch.

"do i have to?" billy said, opening his eyes.

"no, but i would like to know who had the balls to fight billy hargrove." steve said, sighing.

"some fucking nobody, it doesn't matter. you should see the other guy." billy said, getting slightly annoyed with steve's line of questioning.

"based on the way you look right now, i-"

"god, do you ever shut the fuck up?" billy said, a little too sharply.

steve rolled his eyes. "make me."

billy smirked. "you sure about that?"

"you heard me." steve said definitively.

billy placed his hand on steve's upper thigh. he jumped, surprised at the other boy's actions.

"i said, you sure about that?" billy said, still smirking.

"i don't- i-"

billy crashed his lips into steve's, putting his available hand on the back of his neck and pulling him closer.

steve was frozen in his spot, before leaning into the kiss.

the kiss was anything but tender, with both boys battling for dominance before billy evidently won.

billy bit into steve's bottom lip, causing the other boy to let out a breathy moan.

"fuck, do that again." billy said, pulling away.

steve moaned again, tilting his head up to give billy access to his

throat.

billy attached his lips to steve's adam's apple, forming a hickey.

steve moved to the couch, laying across and pulling billy on top of him. he fumbled with the buttons of billy's shirt, tossing it to the side before reconnecting their lips. billy quickly slid steve's own shirt off, moving his lips down his torso.

"wait," steve said, panting and pulling away, "you're drunk."

"you think i would've gotten this far if i wasn't drunk?"

he did have a point.

"okay."

billy ran his tongue across steve's nipple, his other hand twirling the other one. steve knew why nancy liked this so much now. he arched his back, wanting more, more, more.

billy moved down towards his navel, and steve whined at the absence.

billy's lips were now at the edge of his shorts, his finger looped under the waistband. he looked up and steve, waiting for approval. steve nodded profusely, bucking his hips up and the friction.

"i need verbal confirmation, harrington." billy said, rolling his eyes.

"yes, yes, please." steve replied, rolling his hips.

billy backed up, pulling down steve's shorts and boxers all in one. steve hissed at the cold air on his dick, whining at the loss of warmth. billy now knew why everyone called him 'king steve'. he tossed them aside, pausing to admire his work. steve had hickeys all over his neck, leading in a trail down his chest, all the way to his hipbones. he wondered how steve would cover that.

he stood up, taking off his own pants and underwear. he leaned back over steve's, his lips hovering over the other boy's dick. he slowly licked a circle around the tip before taking it into his mouth.

steve groaned, bucking his hips. billy grabbed onto his hips pushing him down to refrain him from thrusting up again. he moved his lips further down the other boy's cock until he reached the base. he bobbed his head up and down, hollowing his cheeks.

he went all the way down, tip touching the back of his throat, and hummed.

steve pressed up on billy's fingers, knowing that those would leave bruises tomorrow.

"fuck, billy i'm gonna - fuck i'm gonna cum." steve said, gasping.

billy pulled off with a pop, leaving steve hard and wet and unsatisfied. he glared at billy, causing him to laugh.

"not yet," billy said, moving three fingers to steve's lips, "suck."

steve took the fingers in his mouth, sucking profusely before coming off with a pop.

billy brought one finger down to steve's hole, pushing it in slowly. steve winced at the pain, tightening his muscles. he relaxed after a few seconds, having gotten used to the feeling. billy added a second finger, giving steve another moment to adjust. he rolled his fingers, stretching him out.

steve suddenly gasped, murmuring 'fuck' and beginning to push himself back on billy's fingers.

"gotcha." billy said, smirking.

he added a third finger, curling them again to fully stretch out steve. at this point, he was gasping and rocking back on billy's fingers, begging for more.

billy removed his fingers and steve frowned, but his face quickly changed when billy aligned himself with steve, pushing himself in. the pain was evident on his face, only going away when billy stopped moving, flush against steve's thighs.

steve caught his breath, before telling billy to move.

billy pulled out until only his tip was in, and slammed back into steve, rocking into his hips. he continued to slam into him relentlessly before pulling out almost completely and pushing his knees to his chest, slamming back in.

steve's eyes shot open, his mouth forming an 'o' as he rolled his hips into billy. billy continued to abuse his prostate, making the other boy's vision go white.

steve's muscles began to tighten on billy, pushing him closer to the edge.

"fuck, pretty boy, if i knew how good this was gonna be, i would've done it sooner." billy said breathlessly, leaning down to bury his head in steve's shoulder.

"fuck, billy, i think i'm gonna," he lost his speech pattern for a moment, whimpering as billy pounded into him rougher, "gonna cum."

before billy could reply, steve cried out, his orgasm flowing through his body, muscles tightening and causing steve to shoot all over his stomach. billy came right after, being set off by steve's clenching.

both boys rode out their orgasm out together, staying in that position, panting and sweaty. steve winced at billy pulling out, the pain of what just happened setting in.

billy sat there quietly for about a minute, gathering his breath. he got up off the couch, reaching for steve's shirt to wipe off the cum on his chest.

"you're using my shirt as a cum rag?" steve said, finally sitting up.

"cant use mine." billy replied, not looking at steve.

he got dressed quickly, steve sitting on the couch behind him silently. after he was fully dressed, he turned to steve.

"so-"

"so, you never speak about this again, right." billy replied, back to his

stone cold persona.

he walked towards the door, pausing when steve called out.

"you're leaving?"

"i never stay. oh, and thanks for the first aid." billy said, scoffing. he waited for no reply, walking out of the door.

Author's Note:

yall I just got inspired so I wrote this whole thing in the last 5 hours but anyways its 5am and I can feel my brain cells dying.

kudos are appreciated please

also, criticism! I'm a new writer and need as many tips as I can get.